

But that's morbid It's probably not true But it's why
Nails are such a serious matter like everything else
In our daily human animal lives

CHILDREN'S BOOK

All day long it's like I should be writing
a Children's Book. I am a Poet.
But, really, how you going to beat Dr. Suess?
What better preparation was there
for the hair and politics and diseases
of my generation?
And I have no transcendental
love of growth: To call a fetus an unborn child
is like calling an old man an undead corpse.
Things are as they are.
The kids outside in the parking lot
have busted three windows on my car.
Well, at least I think I've got
a title
that will help them:
The Little Golden Book of Predators.

— Robert J. Perchan

Pusan South Korea

GENEALOGY

Aunt Zillah, supposedly, was
related to Marion Davies. Hearst's
doxie, but Aunt Zillah wasn't
talking because she was dead, and, anyway,
married (or had been) to Uncle Chots
who wasn't talking either. It was
probably through Marion's second husband
(or was it the first?), Horace, a drunken
no-good, the only real husband
she had. Uncle Chots and Aunt
Zillah, always, had this one star
in their blue heaven, with bleached hair,
dimples, and long, fluttering false
eyelashes, who couldn't act worth two cents.
dance worth a damn, but, anyways,
changed the course of somebody's history.